









## CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of  
RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

## Tracts for the People

*"Salus populi suprema lex esto;"*

(that is,)

*"Let the SALVATION of the people be our highest principle."*

## DOCTRINAL SERIES.

## ON CONTROVERSY.—PART II.

[Continued from page 51.]

You will remember, kind reader, that at the close of our last Tract, we left Miss Meanwell just entering the Rev. Mr. Shepherd's garden. As the good priest advanced to meet her, she seemed much struck with his appearance, which is indeed very venerable. At the same time, his kind look and gentle smile encouraged her to advance. When she had come up to him, she addressed him in these words:

"I am sure, Sir, I cannot be mistaken in you. Your appearance at once assures me of your sacred character as God's minister."

"An unworthy one," he replied; "but anxious in all things to do His holy will. May I take the liberty of asking you, Madam, if I can be of any service to you? Perhaps you will not object to inform me of your purpose in visiting this little out-of-the-way hamlet?"

Miss M.—"It was an imperative sense of duty, Rev. Sir, that brought me hither. I had heard of the terrible spread of Popery in this village, and I deemed myself bound in conscience to do all in my power, to throw in an antidote where there was such a poison spreading."

Mr. S.—Your motive no doubt was most charitable, though I cannot approve of your mode of proceeding. You knew, Madam, that there were clergymen duly appointed in the place, I suppose?"

Miss M.—Yes, certainly; but I took it for granted that they would be thankful for such assistance, as these tracts, well distributed, must give them. I know that we cannot do too much to defeat the arts and deceits of the Romish clergy."

Mr. S.—"Pray, Madam, are you much acquainted with them?"

Miss M.—"No, thank God, I never have been in company with any of them; nor would I on any account. I believe them to be all, to a man."

Mr. S.—"Hold, Madam, I will not allow you to betray yourself into what you would be sorry for afterwards. Neither will I practise deceit upon you. I am the Catholic priest of this place."

The poor lady was thunder-struck, and did not know what to say, or what to do. She seemed at first inclined to run away, but the priest's good-natured smile made her wish to stay. He, therefore, said, "Nay, Madam, do not go away. You have not found me so terrible I hope, as that. Let me have the benefit of your charitable visit, as well as my flock. Pray sit down in this delightful evening air, and let us talk the object of your journey over."

Miss Meanwell consented, though she hardly knew whether to look pleased or angry.

Mr. S.—"You came, I think you said, to distribute tracts against the Catholic religion."

Miss M.—Yes, Sir, I did, from a sense of duty. The tracts were of different sorts, but the greater part, I own, were controversial."

Mr. S.—"May I ask you where you procured them?"

Miss M.—"From my bookseller, who gets them from London. They are, he tells me, the strongest he could get against Popery—I mean the Catholic church."

Mr. S.—"What do you think he understands by the 'strongest'?"

Miss M.—"I suppose, the most plain-spoken, and most powerful in argument;—those that will have most effect."

"Those that would knock down a poor papist most effectually," said Mr. S. smiling.

Miss M.—"Why yes—something of that sort."

Mr. S.—"You both considered controversy, as a sort of battle, in which it was advisable to see well to your arms, that they were strong, and sharp, and sure?"

Miss M.—"Exactly, Sir."

Mr. S.—"And you consider all whom you think in error—all Catholics for instance—as the enemies that have to be fought?"

Miss M.—"Certainly."

Mr. S.—"And for what purpose? Do not fear to speak openly."

Miss M.—"Why, of course, to confute, and put them to shame."

Mr. S.—"Not to win them, then, and convert them?"

Miss M.—"Oh yes, certainly, that would be better still."

Mr. S.—"And is the way to do both the same? You conquer an enemy in battle by knocking him down, or running him through; but you would not try to make friends in that way, would you?"



you, dear Sir, thank you; I shall never forget the lesson you have given me, it shall not be lost upon me."

She rushed out towards the gate, where her carriage was, and round it a crowd of persons, anxious to know what had been going forward. She stopped for a moment, and addressing them said, "My good people, I fear I have done very wrong in distributing among you those wicked tracts. Burn them, or give them to the good priest, who has done me more good than any one I ever met."

She got into her carriage, and the people gave her a hearty cheer. Her heart, she knew not why, was much lighter, and she felt happier than when she left home.

My dear reader! By the mouth of the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, I have told you in what spirit, and with what feelings towards you, I mean in *these Tracts* to treat controversy, and so God bless you! M.

[To be continued.]

### GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,

They fill'd one home with glee;—

Their graves are sever'd far and wide,

By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night

O'er each fair sleeping brow;

She had each folded flower in sight

Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forests of the West,

By a dark stream is laid—

The Indian knows his place of rest,

Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,

He lies where pearls lie deep;

He was the loved of all, yet none

O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest

Above the noble slain:

He wrapt his colours round his breast

On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers

Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;

She faded 'midst Italian flowers—

The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd

Beneath the same green tree;

Whose voices mingled as they pray'd

Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall;

And cheer'd with song the hearth—

Alas! for love, if thou wert all,

And nought beyond, oh earth!

*Profligate.*—When I see a young profligate squandering his fortune at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking at him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave.

*Hope.*—There's a silver lining to every cloud.

### A FEAST IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE holy festival of Corpus Christi was celebrated yesterday with a degree of pomp, of which I had not entertained the smallest idea. The morning was ushered in by the ringing of bells and other similar demonstrations of joy.

At ten o'clock, upon a signal given at the governor's house, the community prepared to join in the general cavalcade; and now, for the first time, I was to see the outside of the convent.

We were arranged in order, in a large square, within the gates: first, the young choristers were divided into four bands, twelve in each; these are the children under the tuition of the fathers. The first division was to precede the whole, singing a particular service appropriate to the day. On either side these children walked lay brothers, bearing ensigns, or pictures representing the different achievements of their patron saint. Then followed the novices, every one bearing some precious relic or another, inclosed in boxes of ebony and ivory, curiously wrought.

To us succeeded another band of music, accompanied by all the visitors of distinction, of which there were not a few from the distant plantations. Next came the elder fathers of the convent, two and two, each carrying something relative to the festival; and after them the superior, dressed in all the regalia of his office, surrounded by the young students going to Cordova, and six lay brothers, bearing banners. The remainder of the community, choristers, and several newly-baptised Indians, brought up the rear; every one in this procession being arrayed in their richest and gayest attire. The cavalcade, having cleared the convent-gate, entered a large handsome square; on one side of which stands the cathedral, a very fine well-finished edifice, crowned with a cupola, and open on all sides to the view. Round this square were assembled the societies of several other orders, all dressed in paraphernalia; and a more curious scene I never witnessed. It seemed as if people from all nations of the earth were collected together, presenting every different shade of the complexion, from the silver-haired inhabitant of Denmark to the sable-hued native of Guinea.

Among the crowd some Indian caciques held a very conspicuous place. They wore party-coloured cotton habits, prettily decorated with a variety of feathers, arranged in a very judicious and elegant manner. Bands of wool, red, purple, and yellow, encircled their heads, and supported some of the most beautiful plumes I ever beheld. Several of the caciques wore glittering ornaments on their chins; others on their necks, arms, and legs. But if these Indians pleased by the gaiety of their attire, another tribe interested me no less by their simplicity. These were clad in white cotton vestments, with no other ornament than large full white feathers, rising one above another round the head. This dress, contrasted with the dark copper colour of their skins, was peculiarly striking, and gave a most singular, though extremely pleasing appearance to the whole.

The outsides of the houses round the square were hung with festoons of flowers, and live birds, tied with strings, to prevent their escape, but long enough to admit of their fluttering sufficiently to expand their beautiful plumage; a contrivance which I must confess had a very picturesque effect. The portico of the church was decorated with an uncommon quantity of real and artificial flowers, in the disposal of which a great share of taste had been displayed. Under the principal arch was placed a band of musicians, who sung and played most enchantingly. Indeed there is not a place in the world, not even Italy, where sacred music is more studiously attended to. Upon a volley



being fired by some of the soldiers, who were all drawn up on one side of the square, the procession commenced by the military, fully accoutred, marching off two and two, to the sound of drums, trumpets, and other martial music, at intervals halting to discharge their pieces; the bells of all the churches ringing, and the ships in the harbour returning the firing in the town; so that altogether you may suppose the concert by no means a despicable one. First after the soldiers came the order of St. Francis, arranged in nearly the same manner as ourselves; then followed a second division of the military, and the choristers of the cathedral: to them succeeded the order of St. James; and, thirdly, we came in. Between our rear and the advanced guard of the fourth community was borne on a very high altar, richly decorated, the Elements of the Eucharist, surrounded by a vast number of people of the first rank and quality; some of them bearing lighted wax candles, highly perfumed; others, incense; many, banners; and not a few, relics: the whole group flanked by soldiers on horseback, in their newest and best attire, firing alternately to the right and left; and wherever a cross was erected, which I believe was at the end of every street, the whole cavalcade halted to sing the appointed service.

After the Eucharist came another division of soldiers, and after them all the remaining religious of the town, while on either side of the street—for we took the middle—marched the nobility, men, women, and children, but, notwithstanding their numbers, all ranged in regular order, and observing a profound silence, except when they joined in the general choruses; and then blessed St. Dominic. What a din was there! Each division of the whole procession was attended by a band of music, which, halting at the crosses, played almost divinely; and sorry enough I was, when the devotion of the multitude, breaking forth in audible sounds, spoiled such excellent harmony.

The decorations of the houses surpassed in magnificence any thing I ever beheld in Europe on the like occasion. The streets are wide, and most of them in a straight line; the houses in general low, with here and there a very elegant church or public building, finished according to the rules of European architecture. Every habitation was hung either with tapestry or coloured cottons of various dyes, ornamented with feathers in a very ingenious manner; between which were suspended festoons of flowers, articles of plate, and even jewels, according to the riches of the owner. Across the streets, from side to side, were triumphal arches, composed of boughs of trees artfully interwoven; from which hung, as at the portico of the church, a great variety of living birds, all suspended in the most advantageous point of view, and some of them beyond description beautiful. Between the arches were set out a vast quantity of eatables; such as cakes, pies, fruits, &c. all disposed in a very agreeable manner; and I could not help feeling a kind of peculiar *English pleasure* at this part of the exhibition. Close to the houses, on each side of the streets, were likewise placed living animals—young tigers, lions, wolves, dogs, and even monkeys of a particular large species—secured so carefully as to prevent any possibility of their escaping, or hurting those that might come near them. From the windows were suspended baskets, very neatly wove, of a lovely green colour, containing every kind of seed or grain with which they mean to sow the land, that the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD might bestow his benediction on them as he passes, which they think will undoubtedly procure them a plentiful harvest; and indeed they are seldom, if ever, disappointed.

There is not a street through which the procession passes but is adorned in this splendid manner: for on this festival the

riches of every individual are displayed to the greatest advantage possible, and with a peculiar degree of art; which must, I should think, occupy a considerable time in preparation.

In one of the streets leading to the great square I saw three of the largest peacocks I ever beheld: also pheasants of an extraordinary size and beauty, not much unlike peacocks in point of feather, but taller, with more slender legs; and in lieu of a long sweeping tail, small tufts of feathers, composed of dark brown, beautifully shaded with green and gold; but their eyes and plumage, in beauty and variety of colours, far surpassed any of the biped kind that had ever before met my inspection. They all appeared very tame; and, with several other large birds fastened in a similar way, were not in the least disturbed by the firing, the shouts of the multitude, or the trampling of the horses. The ground was all over strewn with herbs and flowers, so regularly disposed as to resemble, in many places, the most delicate Persian carpets. In fine, all the sweets of nature seemed collected in one spot, to honour the sacred festival: and a greater assemblage of people of all ranks, ages, and conditions, I never witnessed, even in the most populous city in Europe; nor so profound a silence and regularity, except when the pious responses were made.

The governor was dressed in a rich Spanish habit, tastily ornamented with gold, jewels, &c. He was surrounded by a numerous and very splendid retinue, as none but the sick are exempt from assistance at this ceremony.

When the procession reached the cathedral the air was almost rent by the multitude of voices; and we entered the edifice during a heavy discharge of artillery from the garrison and ships in the harbour, also volleys of musquetry from the soldiers in the streets. Here high mass was celebrated, and the sacrament administered; which ceremony of course occupied a considerable time, and when ended, the different communities retired in the same order to their respective convents. The principal visitors and caciques are invited to the governor's, where a plentiful banquet is provided for them, composed of every delicacy the country affords. The eatables, &c. with which the streets were adorned are taken down, and distributed by the parish priests among the inhabitants, who entertain all strangers that choose to partake of them. At night there is a general rejoicing, when some very ingenious fire-works are displayed, and national games are exhibited, such as hunting or baiting the wild bull, &c. and various martial exercises, in which the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres particularly excel.—*Davie's Letters from Paraguay.*

*Clerical Dress.*—The clergy of England in all ages, appear to have considerable aversion to the systematic use of any distinctive secular habit; and have not escaped the severe censures of contemporary writers for the extravagant and inconsistent splendour of their dress. Chaucer's pilgrim monk is described as attired more like a gay knight than a sober churchman, and Knighton states that in his time "the clergy were not to be known from the laity." Sir Walter Scott's Prior of Jorvaul is no overdrawn picture of the monastic costume, during the reign of King Richard the First; and edicts of popes and councils, with the sumptuary laws of the English monarchs, appear to have been equally unsuccessful in restraining, within moderate bounds, the dress of their subjects, whether lay or ecclesiastical. In modern times, though the clergy cannot be charged with being either "gay in their demeanor" or "light in their dress," they are, nevertheless, as in times past, not to be known from the laity. This is occasioned, not by any departure from a consistent gravity of dress on the part of the clergy, but by the general adoption of a sombre costume among the great body of the people; a black coat and white cravat no longer serving to distinguish the ecclesiastic from the shopman or upper servant.—*Practical Remarks on Church Furniture, &c. by G. J. French.*



## Biography.

## MEMOIR OF HUGH PAULIN DE CRESSY.

[Continued from page 59.]

STILL Mr. Cressy's prejudices against the Catholic Church had not begun to relax. "I was prepossessed," he writes, "that the main ground of the Roman Religion, namely, the infallibility of that Church, was as demonstratively confutable, as any absurdity in mathematics; that main foundation being, as I thought, ruinous, it was to no purpose to trouble myself with any debate concerning that Church."

The following Chapter, the 17th, relates the necessity the author at length found himself under, of examining the grounds of the Roman Church.

"Thus, like Noah's dove," it commences, "wearying myself with flying up and down, and finding no rest for my foot, I was at last forced to return into the ark; seeing, whatever became of the English Church, I now found reason enough not to think myself safe in it. Yet it was a good while before I got any sight of the ark, and after I saw it, I did not suffer myself to be received into it, till I saw there was no other way to escape drowning left me."

"My first thoughts, after so successful a search of a Church, were, not doubtingly, but solicitously, expostulating in my mind, where is the effect of that promise of Christ, that the gates of Hell should not prevail against his Church: and, Behold, I am with you till the end of the world? I wondered that the Fathers should so unanimously interpret the Church, to be that City seated on the top of a mountain, for, I had in vain sought both mountains and valleys, and could not get a sight of it, but I concluded that certainly the fault was in mine own eyes, which some mist or disease had blinded, and not in want of visibility in the Church, since all the promises of God in Christ are in Him, Yea, and in Him, Amen. And, therefore, that no preconceptions of assurance, or demonstrations, ought to hinder me from examining the pretensions of the Roman Church, as well as the rest: that it was utterly impossible that the promises of Christ should fail, and that it was very possible that both myself and Mr. Chillingworth might be mistaken, in believing those arguments to be demonstrations against the Infallibility of the Roman Church, which were not.....that it was very reasonable, just and requisite, seriously and diligently to examine the true state of that question, which if the Roman Church could to my understanding justify that she had not erred in, there would presently be an end of all my travels and doubts about other particular controversies."

The Author next proceeds to state several advantages in favour of the Roman Church, most of which he had always been obliged to acknowledge, and which now began to have with him more weight. 1st.—That in the admission of the most learned Protestants, the Roman Church is the same religion as that which St. Austin planted in England, and confirmed by miracles. 2ndly.—That the Roman Church obliges all her children to conform to her belief to the general consent of the Fathers. 3rdly.—That the Roman Church, least of all others, could be accused of heresy and schism, as she alone preserves the ancient practice, and all the synods and councils of the Church; and as all other sects were formerly of her belief, and broke from her communion when they introduced new opinions. 4thly.—That the authority claimed by the Roman Church, although Mr. Cressy was then persuaded that it was usurped, yet was a sure means of preserving peace and unity therein:

"Blessings," he says, "which not only reason, but experience, show to be unattainable in Protestant Churches, where Scripture, interpreted by Private Judgment, is the Rule and Judge; for, hitherto, never has there been made an agreement in any one controversy among them. Insomuch as the proper difference between Catholics and Protestants, is, that if two Catholics be in debate about any question, both of them will agree to be judged by a third, namely, the Church, and till that be done they break not communion. But if two Protestants quarrel, each of them will interpret and judge both for himself and his adversary too, there being no umpire between them, nor any thing to oblige them to communion."

5thly.—That when the most judicious Protestants do at times feel arise within them certain uneasinesses about their belonging to a schismatical division of the Church of Christ, such scruples never regard their separation from any other than the Roman Church. Hence, he observes, "very many Protestants, on their death-beds, at least when all secular respects are silent, desire reconciliation with the Roman Church; whereas, I believe there never was heard any one example of a Roman Catholic, who on his death-bed desired to forsake that communion, to be incorporated into a Protestant Church."

6thly.—"There was a sixth advantage, far more prevailing with me than all the former, though at the first I had but an imperfect view of it, namely, the eminent rules of sanctity and spirituality taught therein, and practised after a manner, that nothing in any of the Protestant Churches approached near unto it." Against the holiness of Catholic doctrines, he informs us, that he had, at one period, entertained very violent prejudices, but the more he became acquainted with its doctrines, the more those prejudices diminished, until at length "I could not," he writes, "free myself from partiality, at least so far as to wish that Truth might not be found separated from so heavenly a companion."

"Yet, notwithstanding all these invitations, so prepossessed was I with the invincibleness of Chillingworth's arguments against the infallibility of that Church, joined with a mistaken notion of the sense in which that Infallibility was to be apprehended, that it was not without much violence to myself, that I could obtain from my reason permission to make a serious inquiry into the grounds of it. But, at last, because I would not accuse myself afterwards of want of ingenuity and fidelity, in denying that to the Roman Church which I had performed in respect of all other Churches besides, even to the Socinians, Nestorians, and Eutychians, the affairs of England growing every day in a greater decadency, I found I was likely to be forced to a real necessity of resolving that question, which at first I reflected on only upon an imagined supposition; namely, supposing the Church of England should fail, to the communion of which Church should I then adjoin myself? A question this which I am confident never any sect of Christians before was effectually forced to determine. For never before was there any religion so wholly appropriated to any kingdom or government, as that, such a government decaying, the whole frame of the Church sunk."

In the eighteenth chapter, the author describes the preparations by which he commenced his inquiry into the proofs which uphold the Roman Church—daily and almost hourly lifting up his heart to God in fervent prayers to obtain the direction of the Holy Spirit; striving to purify his judgments from all prejudice and allurements, and generally from whatever might improperly bias him in his inquiry;—and forming a sincere and generous resolution of making



every sacrifice, even of fortune, hopes, friends, and country, to purchase truth. He applied himself, moreover, to derive, from their purest sources, the real doctrine of the Roman Church concerning its Infallibility, which, he repeats, was to him "*a rock of offence*, and the principal obstacle that checked his progress whensoever he endeavoured to make any approaches towards that Church." Accordingly, he perused attentively the Decrees of the Councils, especially of the Council of Trent, the Bull of Pius the Fourth, and the writings of the most approved Catholic divines;—he sought for farther information from several learned Catholics;—he made extracts of such matters as appeared most suitable to his purpose from the above-mentioned Councils and authors;—deduced therefrom corollaries, importing what authority the Church really assumed; whence it was derived; and how limited; and submitted his reasonings and conclusions to the learned Holden, a Doctor of the Sorbonne, requesting to be informed whether he had arrived at a right understanding of the real belief of Catholics on the points to which he addressed his inquiries.

"Besides all this," he adds, "for my farther information, and because, even during my education in Protestantism, I had been advised to embrace those doctrines, which were most conformable to the profession of the ancient Church, I conceived it necessary to study diligently such Fathers' writings especially as had been forced to maintain the Church's authority against heretics. Thereupon I betook myself to the reading of the ancient Church History; and besides others, I perused exactly Tertullian's Prescriptions against Heretics, St. Cyprian, St. Epiphanius, St. Augustin's Epistles and Treatises against the Donatists, Manichæans, &c. Vincentius, Lirinensis, St. Jerome's books against the Luciferians, Jovinian, and Vigilantius. I had recourse, likewise, upon an occasion, to certain treatises of St. Basil, St. Athanasius, St. Hilary, St. Pacian, &c. and, lastly, I judged it an effectual way of attaining to the understanding the opinion of antiquity concerning the Church, to select the special texts of Scripture, wherein mention is made of the Church, and to examine how the Fathers interpreted those texts, and what inferences they drew from them in their Sermons and Commentaries, in which I might be sure they spoke without interest and passion, as having no adversary in sight to combat withal, and, therefore, were not likely to strain themselves in their expressions. Such texts of Scripture were these, and the like: *Tell the Church, and if he will not hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a Heathen and a Publican. Thou art Peter, (that is, a rock) and upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. The Church, which is the ground and pillar of the Truth, &c. &c.*"

"The answering of these questions," Mr. Cressy continues, in chap. xix. "and especially the perusing of those books, was the business of a good space of time, above twelve months." So much sincerity and earnestness could hardly fail to draw down the divine blessing and assistance. Accordingly, he relates, "The excessive pains and diligence employed by me, which, otherwise, would have been tedious, was much sweetened by the discovery every day of new light. And I could not but observe the strange effects of education and prejudice, which made me believe myself to be separated, in my belief, from the Catholic Church, at a distance immeasurable, when, indeed, I was even at the doors: and I am certain I had been much sooner a Catholic, if I had thought that the belief of the Church's doctrines, nakedly as she proposeth them, had been sufficient to have gained that title. But I took those to be the necessary doctrines

of the Catholic Church, which were only the private opinions and expressions of particular doctors."

Having so far stated the manner in which his conversion was brought about, Mr. Cressy devotes the subsequent chapters, from the twentieth to the end of the seventy-seventh, which concludes his work, to an argumentative exposition of those proofs of the Truth and Authority of the present Roman Church, whereby, with the assistance of divine grace, he had succeeded in dispelling his long-fostered prejudices, in satisfying his doubts, and in determining himself to seek the refuge and security, which he, at length, discovered to be afforded in that Church, whose claims he had so long refused to consider, but which, to his surprise, he found to be invested with those characters whereby the Church of Christ is designated in the Holy Scriptures and in the works of the primitive Fathers.

The concise and pressing manner in which Mr. Cressy conducts his reasoning, makes a detailed analysis of this part of his work impossible. He divides his subject into four propositions. The 1st treats of the Rule of Faith. The 2nd, of the Judge of Controversies. The 3rd, of the Unity of the Church, and the Danger of Heresy and Schism. The 4th, of the Perpetual Visibility of the Church. In discussing each of these propositions, he proposes the language of Scripture, and inquires into the sentiments of the early Christian writers, on the points at issue; states the belief of Protestants, and the doctrines of the present Church of Rome, expressed by the Council of Trent; examines whether the faith professed by the former, or by the latter, be most conformable with the universal tradition of the ancients, founded on the authority of the inspired writings; takes occasion to propose, and ably, though courteously, to confute the plausible arguments employed against the Catholic Creed, especially those urged by the boasted champion of Protestantism, once Mr. Cressy's intimate friend, Chillingworth; before concluding the work, discusses with great strength of reasoning, and in a tone of moderation very unusual between religious controvertists of his time, most of the remaining articles under dispute, the Real Presence, Communion under one kind, the Invocation of Saints, Prayers for the Dead, &c. upon which points he cautiously proposes the true meaning and the exact limits of the definitions of the Catholic Church; allows one chapter to an exposition of the surprising sanctity, which the author found to exist among the members of the Church of Rome; and closes by a modest defence of himself against some of the most severe imputations, with which his change of religion had been assailed.

The controversial writings of Mr. Cressy every where display a sound judgment, great erudition, and an excellent method. May the example of this learned and good man stimulate to farther exertions those who sincerely desire to know the truth, and whose aversion from the Catholic Church is the lamentable effect of early prejudices and cruel misrepresentations.



### "THY WILL BE DONE."

"Thy will be done"—how hard a thing to say,

When sickness ushers in death's dreary knell,  
When eyes that lately spark'd bright and gay,  
Wander around with dimly-conscious ray

To some familiar face, to bid "Farewell!"

"Thy will be done"—the faltering lips deny

A passage to the tones as yet unheard;  
The sob convuls'd, the rais'd and swimming eye,  
Seem as appealing to their God on high,  
For power to breathe the yet imperfect word.

Orphan! who watchest by the silent tomb

Where those who gave thee life all coldly sleep;

Or thou who sittest in thy des'late home,

Calling to those beloved who cannot come,

And, thinking on thy loneliness, dost weep—

Widow! who musest over by-gone years

Of life, and love, and happiness with him

Who shar'd thy joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,

Who now art left to shed unnotic'd tears,

Till thy fair cheek is wan, and eyes grow dim—

Husband! who dreamest of thy gentle wife,

And still, in fancy, seest her rosy smile

Brightening a world of bitterness and strife,

Who from the lonely future of thy life

Turnest, in dreariness, to weep the while—

Mother! whose prayer could not avail to save

Him whom thou lovedst most, thy blue-ey'd boy,

Who with a bitter agony dost rave

To the wide winds, that fan his early grave,

And dashedst from thy lips the cup of joy—

Mourners! who linger in a world of woe,

Each bowing 'neath a sep'rate load of grief,

Turn from the silent tomb, and kneeling low

Before that throne to which the angels bow,

Invoke a God of mercy for relief—

Pray that ye too may journey, when ye die,

To that far world, where blessed souls are gone;

And through the gathering sob of agony

Raise with a voice resign'd the humble cry,

"Father, Creator, Lord, Thy will be done."

A wise lady has said, "If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example."

Evils in the journey of life, are like the hills which alarm travellers upon the road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them, we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

The end of hearing and learning is not to fill our heads with notions, or our mouths with talk, but to rectify and direct our affections and conversations.

Defer not thy charities till death; for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than his own.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

You are not very good, if you are not better than your best friends imagine you to be.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

### THE FLOWER MARKET IN PARIS.

Nothing can well be imagined much more attractive and pleasing than the Flower Market of Paris. Unlike our own great mart at Covent Garden, where the exotic exhales its pure and patrician odour side by side with a basket of onions, and the carnation puts forth its attraction in juxtaposition with the cauliflower—where cabbage-stalks mingle their stale and fetid scent with the *saute* perfumes of the violet and the Persian jessmine—and where hoarse old women, with dragged petticoats and "shocking bad hats," pursue the adventurous purchaser with their ill-conditioned baskets and worse-conditioned voices—in the *Marché-aux-Fleurs* all is bloom, and beauty, and sweetness. No plebeian vegetable degrades by its utility the elegant arrangement of the place, which is destined only for enjoyment. Every thing is in keeping. The *marchandises*, in their white caps and aprons, look as pleasant as their flowers; they seem to have snatched a grace from their avocation, they speak smilingly and winningly, and they play with their plants and blossoms so lovingly, that you are almost tempted to wonder how they can be induced to barter them for a few paltry coins. And, then, their tact is wonderful: they appear to know by instinct the very description of merchandise likely to prove attractive to each purchaser, and to present it in the very tone and words suited to make it acceptable; nay, there is a tenderness and a protection in their manner to the neat little sempstresses, who go to them to expend their hardly-saved pittance, that it is a pleasure to contemplate. You see at once that their perpetual contact with the pure and the beautiful has produced its effect upon their whole nature, and has taught them sympathy with all around them. But enough of my favourite old haunt; and, therefore, I will only add, that those who have not seen the *Marché-aux-Fleurs* have deprived themselves of an innocent and certain enjoyment which they will do well to secure at the next opportunity.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

### MEXICAN CARRIERS.

The *Arrieros*, or carriers, form a very large proportion of the population; yet by no similar class elsewhere are they exceeded in devoted honesty, punctuality, patient endurance, and skilful execution of duty. Nor is this the less remarkable when we recollect the country through which they travel—its disturbed state—and the opportunities consequently afforded for transgression. I have never been more struck with the folly of judging men by mere dress and physiognomy, than in looking at the *Arrieros*. A man with wild and fierce eyes, tangled hair, slashed trousers, and well-greased jerkin that has breasted many a storm—a person, in fact, to whom you would scarcely trust an old coat when sending it to your tailor for repairs—is frequently in Mexico the guardian of the fortunes of the wealthiest men for months, on toilsome journeys among the mountains and defiles of the inner land. He has a multitude of dangers and difficulties to contend with. He overcomes them all; is never robbed, and never robs; and, at the appointed day, comes to your door with a respectful salutation, and tells you that your wares or moneys have passed the city gates. Yet this person is often poor, bondless, and unsecured—with nothing but his fair name and *unbroken word*. When you ask him if you may rely on his people, he will return your look with a surprised glance, and, striking his breast, and nodding his head with a proud contempt that his honour should be questioned, exclaim, "Soy José Maria, Señor, por veinte annos Arriero de Mexico—*todo el mundo me conoce*!" "I am José Maria, Sir, I'd have you know—an *Arriero* of Mexico of twenty years—all the world knows me!"—*Mayer's Mexico*.



## THE FRIAR.

"His life was gentle and the elements so kindly mixed, &c."

MANY years ago, when I resided in what was then called French Flanders, I happened to be travelling along the high road with my gun on my shoulders, and a Spanish pointer by my side, when I perceived, at a distance, a venerable looking old man, a mendicant Friar, just rising from a stone seat and putting a book into his pocket, which probably was his breviary. It was in autumn, and an ardent sun gilded the broad long road planted with a double row of trees, and gave a richness to the foliage, variegated by those tints which the reddened or deeply tinged yellow leaves assume at that rich season of the year. The day star was at its meridian, and shot forth rays of great ardour, which had been preceded by a copious shower of rain, that left clear crystal drops on the heavy branches of the elm, on which the gay feathered tribe sat chirping and flinging the encumbering moisture from the surface of feathers of many a hue. The prospect smiled, and the features of the holy man spoke volumes of gratitude to the Creator; his rosy cheek and mild eye bespoke internal happiness, whilst he paced leisurely along the foot-path. The road itself was drenched with water, and on each side of the central pavement, the way was deeply cut in trenches, from the great quantity of fluid which the earth had imbibed, and from the pressure of vehicles giving place to each other. At this moment a French post-chaise, with three horses a-breast, came suddenly and furiously driving by, and quitting the rattling *pavé*, took the side next the Friar, and, after first startling him by the violent cracking of the postilion's whip, covered him from head to foot with mire. Recovered from a momentary alarm, the aged man (for he was then advanced in years, although healthy and robust) cast an eye on his garment bespattered with mire, and gave a gentle toss of his head, as much as to say, "it is a trifle, it might have been worse; I might have been driven over, had I been crossing the road," *c'est égale*; then taking his pocket handkerchief from his pocket, he began to wipe off the mud. In this operation his snuff-box and book fell to the ground, and in recovering them the handkerchief followed, and became useless from the filthy situation in which it now was. A suffusion of crimson twice covered his features; the thing was vexatious; nature was offended at this humiliating and trying accident; but the Friar had long kept frailty under discipline, and a smile of submission shone through the blush which glowed upon his cheek. To folly and unfeeling selfishness, this situation was ludicrous—sensitivity would have suffered at it—those who saw not patience triumphant amid disaster, might deem the figure before them ridiculous. It was thus with the two young officers who were in the post-chaise, each looked out of a window on either side, and burst into a loud laugh. This was indeed adding insult to injury—it was the kick of the ass to the sick lion; but the holy Father was above resentment, he looked down on these kind of transgressions against his person with charitable pity. He was accustomed to them; the age of what was called reason had nearly deluged the continent with impiety, and had brought the monastic habit to contempt; the Friar, therefore, made his foul handkerchief into a hand-ball, returned it to his pocket, wiped his breviary and box with his sleeve, and put them into his bosom; then crossing his breast, looked up courageously, and was preparing to journey on again, when he perceived that a sudden jerk of the travelling carriage had knocked off the foraging cap, richly embroidered with gold, of one of these thoughtless young men, upon which the Father

ran after the chaise, picked it up, and presented it to its owner with an air as courteously and tranquil as if he had been figuring in a drawing-room. What meekness! what mildness! what self-possession! I was not near enough, at the moment, but I thought I heard "*Merçi, vous étés trop bon*,"—*trop bon*—ought to have been the word—it was *too* good in relation to the arrogant youth. I now came up with the Friar, and taking out my handkerchief to rub his humble garment dry, I sympathized with him in what had just happened, severely blaming the young travellers, and praising the forgiving disposition which had just returned good for evil. "*Que voulez vous?*" said the gentle old man—"*Ils sont si jeunes*," they are so young;—"besides," added he, "if I had not ran to their assistance, the driver must have dismounted, and the horses might have ran away. When we can do good to a fellow-creature, we ought not to consider personal suffering, nor even disgrace." Thus saying, he thanked me very humbly for the slight civility I had offered him, and proceeded briskly on, saying an office to himself, and seeming to rejoice at the trial which he had just undergone. It would be superfluous to comment on the incident which had thus taken place, and be as unnecessary to point out the moral which it so strikingly furnished. Patience and forbearance are qualities highly worthy of a Christian; and he who inhabits a cloister and is safe from the storms of life, is very likely to possess them in an eminent degree. A contented life, good example ever present, the halo which prayer and holy offices throw over one in such a retreat, health, the offspring of abstinence, and the absence of actual want, smooth the froward asperities of life, and produce a mental calm, similar to a silvery river gently flowing from its source to its fall, or to join in confluence with some kindred stream. But this had not been precisely the case with the holy Friar: launched on the turbulent tide of life, he had experienced disappointments, had encountered difficulties, and had to wage war with the temptations and excitements of his passions; but he gained the ascendancy over them, and found in the very flower of his youth, a retreat and a resting-place in the walls of a convent. Here, however, his struggle ended not: the tide of revolutionary fury swept him from his peaceful abode; avarice and sacrilege seized upon the property of his order; he was driven out, an exile, the scoff of thousands, reviled, mocked, and insulted, until the dove of hospitality brought the olive branch of promise to the shipwrecked mariners of the faith. England offered him an asylum, and there, surrounded by the enemies of his country, and by people, in general, inimical to his creed, he found, nevertheless, a shelter from persecution, and a harbour of repose. For upwards of twenty years the venerable man lived secluded from the world, and in banishment from his native land; but the same placidity of countenance, and equality of temper, still characterized him amongst his few emigrated, or rather expatriated brethren. The war at length subsided, like the tempest which has spent its strength and howled out its threatenings—beloved France was again open to the Friar, who, although bereft of his former dwelling, would rather spin out the raveling remnant of life in pious peacefulness, than fare it with the military youths whose chariot wheels he had followed to render a service in return for ill usage and contempt. They had ascended the acclivity of ambition; and had nearly reached its summit, when, covered with decorations and with transitory honours, they were cut off in the prime of life, disfigured with wounds, and swept away from the field of glory, and mingled with the clay, which was their winding sheets.—Such a picture forms an awful contrast; whilst the adventure on the road through French Flanders is one of those living lessons which may pass daily in some part of Christendom, and which carry



with them a more useful precept, than the flowers of eloquence falling from a pulpit, or the acrimonious polemical orations thundered in the astonished ear. The simple things confound the proud ones of the world, and, often, he who will not listen to the language of a homily, becomes a convert from a very trivial incident. "*Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable*," is a favourite French saying; but it holds not good in these practical lessons of humble and uncorrupted life, which are of every age, and obvious to all.

### THE POTATOE.

THE general use of that most valuable root, the potatoe, renders any observations upon its qualities quite unnecessary. It must not, however, be imagined that potatoes contain the same nutritive powers as bread, weight for weight. It has been estimated, as the result of experiments by two French chemists, MM. Percy and Vauquelin, that one pound of good bread is equal to two pounds and a half or three pounds of potatoes; and that seventy-five pounds of bread, and thirty of meat, are equal to three hundred pounds of potatoes. Potatoes are superior in nutriment to turnips and carrots—three parts of turnips, or two of carrots, being equal to one of potatoes. Large quantities of potatoes are wasted in many families by bad modes of cooking them. In Lancashire they are generally admirably dressed—and there, contrary to the practice in the southern parts of England, they are first peeled. The larger potatoes are cut in pieces of the same size as the smaller ones, so that they may boil equally; a little salt is thrown into the water before it begins to boil; when they are done thoroughly the water is poured from them; and the saucepan is placed for a very short time on the fire to dry them, and that all may be equally dried, the pan is shaken, that those at the bottom may be brought to the top. The following are Count Rumford's directions for boiling potatoes, which differ materially from the preceding, in the circumstance that the root is neither pared nor scraped before boiling:—"The potatoes should be, as much as possible, of the same size, and the large and small ones boiled separately. They must be washed clean, and, without paring or scraping, put in a pot with cold water, not sufficient to cover them, as they will produce themselves, before they boil, a considerable quantity of fluid. They do not admit being put into a vessel of boiling water, like greens. If the potatoes are tolerably large, it will be necessary, as soon as they begin to boil, to throw in some cold water, and occasionally to repeat it, till the potatoes are boiled to the heart (which will take from half an hour to an hour and a quarter, according to the size), they will otherwise crack, and burst to pieces on the outside, whilst the inside will be nearly in a crude state, and consequently very unpalatable and unwholesome. During the boiling, throwing in a little salt occasionally is found a great improvement; and it is certain that the slower they are cooked the better. When boiled, pour off the water, and evaporate the moisture, by replacing the vessel in which the potatoes were boiled once more over the fire. This makes them remarkably dry and mealy. They should be brought to table with the skins on, and eaten with a little salt, as bread."

—*Companion to the British Almanack.*

### QUANTITY OF CIRCULATING BLOOD IN MAN.

EACH cavity of the heart may contain from two to three ounces of blood. The heart contracts 4000 times in an hour: therefore there passes through the heart, every hour, eight thousand

ounces, or seven hundred pounds of blood. The whole mass of blood in an adult man is about twenty-five or thirty pounds, so that a quantity of blood equal to the whole mass passes through the heart twenty-eight times in an hour, which is about an ounce every two minutes. What an affair must this be in very large animals! It has been said, and with truth, that the aorta of a whale is larger in the bore than the main-pipe of the water-works at London Bridge; and that the water roaring in its passage through the pipes, is inferior in impetus and velocity to the blood gushing from a whale's heart! Dr. Hunter, in his account of the dissection of a whale, states, that the aorta measured a foot in diameter, and that ten or fifteen gallons of blood are thrown out of the heart at a stroke, with an immense velocity, through a tube a foot in diameter. It has been observed, that we cannot be sufficiently grateful that all our vital motions are involuntary, and independent of our care. We should have enough to do had we to keep our hearts beating, and our stomachs at work. Did these things depend, not to say upon our effort, but even upon our bidding, upon our care and attention, they would leave us leisure for nothing else. Constantly must we have been upon the watch, and constantly in fear night and day, our thoughts must have been devoted to this one object; for the cessation of the action, even for a few seconds, would be fatal: such a constitution would have been incompatible with repose. The wisdom of the Creator, says a distinguished anatomist, is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart. And how well does it perform its office! An anatomist, who understood its structure, might say beforehand, that it would play; but, from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, he must be apprehensive that it would be always liable to derangement, and that it would soon work itself out. Yet does this wonderful machine go on night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes in every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome, and it continues this action for this length of time without disorder and without weariness. That it should continue this action for this length of time, without disorder, is wonderful; that it should be capable of continuing it without wearing, is still more astonishing. Never for a single moment, night or day, does it intermit its labour, neither through our waking or our sleeping hours. On it goes, without intermission, at the rate of a hundred thousand strokes every twenty-four hours; yet it never feels fatigued, it never seems exhausted. Rest would have been incompatible with its functions. While it slept, the whole machinery must have stopped, and the animal inevitably perish. It was necessary that it should be made capable of working for ever, without the cessation of a moment—without the least degree of weariness. It is so made; and the power of the Creator in so constructing it, can in nothing be exceeded but by his wisdom.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

*The Harp of Ireland.*—"The Irish," says a fair and noble historian, "are a frolicsome people." The term is the most strictly applicable to the natural temperament that could possibly be applied. The Irish are a frolicsome people. Turlough Carolan, the last of their bards, himself the very soul of frolic, describes them as dancing in the air, and applies to them the poetical epithet of "air lifted." Even their Anglo-Saxon satirists have given them wings, the attributes of ethereal spirits, mistakingly applied in ridicule; and the darkest and direst of their tyrants, Henry VIII. when asked to give them armorial bearings, conferred on them their own harp, full strung; though, by adding the weight of his crown, he somewhat dulled its vibrations.—*Lady Morgan.*



## SONG,

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

O THOU, of flowers the fairest  
In Eden's groves that grow,  
The scented sweets thou bearest  
Shed down upon us now.

Flower of Eden, hail!

From out thy starry bower  
Look down, O Mother mild,  
Thy single glance hath power  
To cheer our desert wild.

Flower of Eden, hail!

O thou, the best and brightest  
Of all the starry train,

'Tis thou that safely lightest

Our path across the main-  
Star of Ocean, hail!

Thy beams so pure and tender,  
Still guide us on our way,  
Till on us burst the splendour  
Of Heaven's eternal day.

Star of Ocean, hail!

A.

## CAST-IRON LIGHTHOUSE.

THE attention of the scientific and the curious for some time past has been directed to an immense iron building which, for the last two or three months, has been progressing under the auspices of its builders, Messrs. Cottam and Hallen, iron founders, of the Cornwall Road, Lambeth. It is to be a lighthouse, made entirely of cast-iron, one of the first that has ever been constructed. It is composed of one hundred and thirty iron plates averaging eight feet by six, and an inch and a quarter thick. These plates, ten of which make a circumference, are connected together by wrought-iron bolts, screws, and sheet-iron, the interstices being filled up with cement. Its diameter at the base is 24 feet, gradually decreasing to a width of 14 at the top, where it is surmounted by a gallery 20 feet wide, which is encircled by iron railings, 4 feet high. In the centre of this gallery is the lantern, surmounted by a cone 8 feet high, and which is also made of cast-iron. Its total altitude is 137 feet. The top of the building is gained by a staircase of iron fixed to the sides. The structure is divided into nine chambers, the floors and ceilings of which are made of sheet-iron fastened to the sides and to a cast-iron pillar which goes to the top of the building. It is lighted by windows 18 inches square, and glazed with strong plate-glass. Its total weight is about 300 tons. It is to be fixed on one of the Bermuda islands, on a rock 250 feet high, consequently its total height from the sea to the top of the lantern will be 387 feet. Such a building as this has been for a long time a great desideratum in these islands; for, during the winter, which begins in November and ends in April, these islands are subject to severe north-west gales, which frequently dismast ships crossing these latitudes; indeed, there is scarcely a winter passes without 18 or 20 vessels being driven in by stress of weather, or forced on the rocks which run out many miles to the north and north-west.

## RARE KIND OF SPIDER.

I HAVE recently had the good fortune to discover a spider, whose proceedings have not, as far as I am aware, been noticed by naturalists. At night I have observed this insect crawling over the ceiling of a room in search of flies, which it eats as it

catches them, and appears, unlike most spiders, to have no place of retreat. In the day-time this spider appears motionless at some spot on the ceiling, but it remains in the centre of three fine threads which it has thrown out, one end of each of which has its termination at the place where the spider is resting. On touching one of these threads ever so slightly, the spider instantly disappears. I at first thought that it had suddenly let itself fall to the ground, but after a short time I saw it in its original position. On disturbing it a second time, I was enabled to ascertain that by means of its two fore-feet, which alone suspended it from one of the threads, the insect spun itself round with so much rapidity as to become perfectly invisible. This lasted for about half a minute, when I again saw the spider hanging on the thread by its two feet. I could not but wonder how this rotatory motion was produced, and continued so rapidly each time I touched one of the threads. After doing this several times, the spider appeared to get weary, and retreated across the ceiling to some distance. The body of the insect was small and round, with rather longer legs than those we commonly find in houses. I have only discovered it in two localities—Hampton Court and East Moulsey; in both of which places I have shown its spinning faculty to several persons. There can, I think, be no doubt, that this power of producing instantaneous concealment must be the means of preserving the spider from becoming a prey to its many enemies, especially as it has no place to which it can retreat as most other spiders have. It has also another peculiarity, which is, that although I have frequently touched, and otherwise molested it, I never could induce it to do what all of its kind will do under similar circumstances—let itself fall to the ground, and then endeavour to escape. It seems to be fully aware that its safety depends on the few fine threads it throws out, and which it evidently left with reluctance.—*Jesse's Country Life.*

## TRAVELLING ON HORSEBACK IN INDIA.

It is not generally known, that there are but two methods of travelling by land in India, on horseback or in a palanquin. The former method is tedious if only one or two horses be used, and even with relays can only be safely and comfortably prosecuted during the mornings before sun-rise, or in the evenings when the sun has much declined; while the latter enables the traveller to pursue his journey unintermittingly throughout the twenty-four hours. Nevertheless, the horse is very generally used for economy's sake, by officers proceeding to join their regiments, and often from the necessity of accompanying detachments of corps on duty; and in very short trips it is frequently adopted from choice, especially when the distance can be accomplished with a single halt, if relays of horses are provided by friends. In marching—as the travelling on horseback by daily stages of twelve, fifteen, or twenty miles is called—it is customary to send on your servants one march in advance, with tent, bedding, tent-furniture, canteen, &c. so as to give time for your tent to be pitched, and your breakfast to be prepared, by the time you may reach the ground yourself. In the different villages no difficulty is experienced in procuring fowls, eggs, milk, rice, and the common vegetables of the country; but every thing else, such as tea, coffee, dried or preserved meats, sauces, spices, wine, beer, &c. must be procured at one of the principle towns in sufficient quantities to last a week, or even much longer; for, though these things can be obtained on the route, they are necessarily more expensive, owing to the cost of carriage from the presidency. Food and fodder for your cattle are always available, at prices varying with the character or fertility of the country in which the halt may be made. Having arrived at your ground, and refreshed yourself



with a nap or a meal, or both, you may, if the sun be not too powerful, proceed, gun in hand, to a neighbouring jheel or tank (lake or pond), or piece of stubble-land, and shoot for a few hours. Snipe, wild fowl, quail, partridges, and hares, abound (according to the season) in most parts of India; and not unfrequently the sportsman's toil is rewarded with a florican, a jungle-cock, or even a bustard. No particular costume, differing from the dress of every-day life in India, is requisite on the march; but it will be prudent to wear a sola topee, or hat composed of the soft pulp of a tree, or a straw hat covered with white cotton cloth or feathers; and a pair of jack-boots will be serviceable as protecting the legs while riding, and also in wandering in covers, or along the edges of swamps or tanks. Should the traveller possess nothing of the sportsman's ardour, he may advantageously spend a little time beyond the walls of his tent, in inspecting the temples, serais, and other works of art in the neighbourhood, or in observing the usages of the people in the surrounding villages. He must be scrupulously careful, however, of committing any act of aggression, or of violating any of the prejudices of caste or religion; for though the people are, generally speaking, civil, if not obsequious and timid, they will not scruple to assemble in a body, and assault a solitary and unprotected individual, if provoked thereto by an offensive interference with their usages. Injury done to a cow, the death of a monkey or a peacock, or entrance into a temple booted and spurred, are amongst the outrages of which the Hindoo, in different parts of India, is peculiarly intolerant.—*Stocqueler's Hand-book of India.*

### VARIETIES.

A singular custom prevails at Gainsborough of giving away penny loaves on the morning of a funeral to whoever demands them. This custom has prevailed for so long a period that the poorer inhabitants look upon it as a right. It is the relic of the old custom of giving charities on the anniversaries of the departure from this world of friends, and a solicitation of prayers for the deceased.

*Remedy in case of Poison.*—Instantly administer two teaspoonfuls of made mustard mixed in warm water. It acts as an emetic. If instantly administered, it may, under Providence, save a fellow-creature from an untimely death.

What you lay out foolishly, is converted into repentance; what you give away prudently, is changed into enjoyment.

*Depth of the Ocean.*—The sea was recently sounded by lead and line, in latitude 57 degrees south, and 85 degrees 7 minutes west longitude (from Paris,) by the officers of the French ship *Venus*, during a voyage of discovery. At the depth of 3470 yards, or nearly two miles, no bottom was found. The weather was very severe, and it is said that hauling in the lead took 60 sailors upwards of two hours. In another place, in the Pacific Ocean, no bottom was found at the depth of 4140 yards.

Charles the second, says Addison, hearing the celebrated Vossius, a freethinker, repeating some incredible stories of the Chinese, turned to those about him, and said, "This learned divine is a very strange man, he believes every thing but the Bible."

*Dr. Pusey.*—A decent farmer's wife, travelling up to town from Oxford, addressed a gentleman opposite to her:—"Ah, Sir, these are sad times. What is to become of us! That dreadful Dr. Pusey sacrifices a lamb every Friday."—"Indeed, Madam, I cannot believe it; you must be misinformed."—"Oh, no, Sir; I assure you I have it from undoubted authority."—"Again, Madam, I must beg leave to contradict it."—"Well, Sir, you are welcome to do so; but no one but the Doctor himself could convince me that it is not so."—"Madam, I am Dr. Pusey."

One often says a deal in saying nothing.

To know how silly the most of our wishes are, it is sufficient to see them gratified.

*Paper making.*—The *Gloucester Journal* says, "that a most important patent has been taken out for the manufacture of paper, on a new principle, and from an entirely new material. If carried out to the full extent of the wishes and expectations of the patentee, (one of the first engineers in the kingdom), there is little doubt that it will shortly supersede the use of rag; as the paper made from the new material will be quite equal to the finest Indian paper, and not so costly. We hear that the beautiful vale of Chalford is the favoured spot fixed on for introducing this new and interesting effect of art, and the largest manufactory has been taken for the purpose." This paper is made from straw.

Conceit is certainly the most contemptible, and one of the most odious qualities in the world. It is vanity driven from all other shifts, and forced to appeal to itself for admiration. An author, whose play has been condemned over night, feels a paroxysm of conceit the following morning. Conceit may be defined as a restless, overweening, petty, obtrusive, mechanical delight in her own qualifications, without any reference to their real value or to the approbation of others; merely because they are ours, and for no other reason whatever. It is selfishness and folly.

When people will speak without having any thing to say, they say nothing that carries persuasion with it.

His Majesty George the Fourth, when residing in Bushy Park, had a part of the mast of the *Victory* (against which Lord Nelson was standing when he received his fatal wound), deposited in a small temple in the grounds of Bushy house, from which it was afterwards removed to the upper end of the dining-room, with a bust of Nelson upon it. A large shot had completely passed through this part of the mast, and while it was in the temple a pair of robins had built their nest in the shot-hole, and reared a brood of young ones. It was impossible to witness this little occurrence, without reflecting on the scene of blood and strife of war which had occurred to produce so snug and peaceable a retreat for a nest of harmless robins.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

People lose sight of charity, by wishing to be over zealous about faith.

*Language of Smell.*—In immense forests, where animals of different sexes separate, or are few in number, and where their calls would not be heard, an extraordinary facility has been afforded them of finding each other. This many of them do, as the pine-martin, civet, skunk, and other musky animals, by rubbing themselves against trees, thus leaving a scent by which they are traced by their congeners to great distances, and through almost interminable forests. Except for this provision of nature, it is evident that many animals would have great difficulty in tracing each other; and thus, the *notus odor* of each species serves instead of language or the usual calls.—*Jesse's Country Life.*

Entertain a respectful deference for old men, virtuous women, and men of merit or of power.

*The Misericordia.*—The Misericordia is an admirable society in Florence, consisting chiefly of nobles, who take it, by turns, with black gowns and masks, which completely conceal their persons (so that there is neither ostentation nor humiliation in it), to carry the sick and the dying, sometimes the dead, to and from the hospitals! When the respective turn of each member arrives, he is in the midst of a banquet, and that at a royal table, he is instantly obliged to leave it, to fulfil this very Christian duty.—*Memoirs of a Muscovite.*

*Education.*—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's nod of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green dells, on hills, and daisy meadows—with bird's nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass bee-hives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good, to God himself.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

Accustom yourself to think much of God alone; you will see the dread of death lessened, changed into resignation, perhaps into desire.







